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THE

State-Scuffle.



Si natura negat facit indignatio versum.

LONDON, Printed in the Year, 1663.

THE
State-Schools



Seventeenth year of the reign of George IV.

LONDON: Printed in the Year 1803.

THE State-scuffle.

WHen Rump did sit and Nose command,
Then Rump & Nose went hand in hand
Who'd think together they would stand

So Civil?

Ars let flie being first unkind,
Quickly Nose had it in the wind,
And swore would beat the Butthocks blind

To th' Devil.

Then Rump call'd Snout a snivelling Ass,
And swore his nostrils were of brass,
D'ye think to Nose us as you pass

With Copper.

Nose in a rage did huffe and snuffe,
And winde in Butthocks needs would puffe,
And swore devoutly he would cuffe

Their Crupper.

He called for a Coachmans whip,
(With that the Rump began to skip)
And blood in Ars as red as lip

Did come too.

When

When slaish was brought, then Nose began
 More like a Devil then a man
 To lay about him, and Nockan-

droe humme too.

Thrice Nose aloft his slaish did weild,
 Thrice sturdy Nock deny'd to yeeld,
 But both resolved in open field

To try it.

As when two Wraftlers do provide,
 Their Countrys honour to decide
 First each from other they devide

And eye it.

Then to the combate they advance,
 Traversing ground their eyes they glance,
 Watching the advantage of a chance

To trip him.

So fiery snout doth walk a round,
 Keeping th' advantage of the ground,
 That in so doing, he might found-

ly whip him.

As when an Engine placed below,
 Can reach the house-destroying-foe,
 And quench the flame though it doth gloe

It's rafter.

So

(3)

So Rump lies at a lower yard ,
Still pelting Nose with piss and Mard,
At which the Rump could refrain hard-

ly laughter.

But Nose perceiving his disaster ,
Fearing that Nock would be master,
He ferked Butthocks ten times faster ,

And gauld him.

However Rump did ward it close,
And oft times did return his blows,
With a small dab of turd in Nose,

Which mauld him.

Then Nock began to make a pause ,
And swore by the fundamental laws,
He wanted a handful of straws,

Or paper.

Nose too was willing to be quiet ,
(For turd in teeth, was no good diet)
But thought anoth' way to try it ,

And vapour.

And when two shake-bags are thrown out,
To try the Battel yet in doubt,
When weary still they wheele about.

More eager.

So

So Snout did traverſe all beſhit
 Rump like beſeiged town did ſit
 And Noſe unwilling was to quit

The Leagner.

Snout did perform the trumpets part,
 For it did ſnort with horrid art,
 Ars inſteed of Drum did fart,

And bellow.

Noſe to the battel is inclin'd,
 Neither was Butthock much behind,
 For ſhiting ſure the world can't find

His fellow.

Again the ſcuffle is begun,
 Noſe againſt Ars doth madly run,
 Turd againſt whip inſtead of gun

Is planted.

Both now with equal force and might,
 Sir Snout like doughty errant Knight,
 And Rump like for't by witches ſpight

Inchanted.

Whip here doth make the blood to ſpout,
 Turd there doth all be paint the ſnout,
 So both at once do call for clout,

And Farmour.

It

It is confess't they much did suffer,
 Yet both inrag'd do fall on ruffer
 As if they had been clad in Buff, or
Steele armour.

For Nock was planted something higher,
 And snout endeavoured to come nigher,
 But that he could not for the Mier
Of Rumpskin.

Which brought to snout a sad mishap,
 For turd did lay there as a trap,
 That Nose might slip when he did strap
The Bumkin.

And so it was for being stout,
 And without wit laying about,
 He slipt, he fell, and wedged his snout
In fart-hole.

Thus being mired up to the eyes,
 He striv'd, and striv'd, but could not rise;
 For which I think snout in no wise
Was heart-hole.

Whilst Nose thus struggled all in vain,
 Nock swell'd with pride did squeeze and strain,
 At length he blew him out again
All plaster'd.
 Then

Then snout away his whip did throw,
 With naked sword made at his foe,
 And raging cryed I will not

Be master'd.

Ars straight drew backward in a fright
 Some there were that saw the sight,
 Who do affirm that it did shite

Profoundly.

This encounter was so mighty,
 That Nose call'd for *Aqua vite*,
 And cry'd for treason I indite ye

All roundly.

For he did sure conspire my death,
 By poyson of a stinking breath,
 Besides I saw you drop some peth

From Butthock.

Then Rump replied thus in a word,
 'Twas nought but fear forced out the turd;
 If this be'nt true, then with your sword

Pray cut Nock.

But farther danger to prevent,
 Forth of doors went Rump and sent,
 To give the Snout a complement,

Which pleased him.

All

All in a heat Nose called for Crown,
 The Rump is fled, the day's my own,
 In chaire of State he dapt him down,

Which eased him.

Now Nose on Horsback still did ride,
 Some years he did the Rump bestride,
 At length with stink orecome he died

All addle.

Then little Nose, the spawn of Snout,
 Having got up, scarce look't about,
 But stubborn Nock did tofs him out

Of th' Saddle.

For Nock did stink, and stink so strong,
 That Nose could not indure it long,
 But with his tongue lick't in the wrong,

And fled for't.

To country aire aside he stept,
 Like sickly child in corner crept,
 And as some then did say he kept

His bed for't.

Rump thus rigged into power,
 Strait way it began to scower,
 And Vane and Whitlock in an hower

Did flirt out.

For

B

For haughty Nock had took a potion,
Which in guts did raise commotion,
And of turd above an Ocean

Did squirt out.

At length the stink which came from Bum,
Infectious plagues did raise in some,
So pestilent it was become

To all men.

Innocents did gasp for breath,
The tainted aire did raise a dearth,
Which did destroy with sudden death

Good tall men.

But loe! the day did overcast,
From North there came a sudden blast,
Which dissipated all the past

Transactions.

For Boreas ragingly did swell,
Some said it was a sudden spell,
But sure I am ne're came from from hell

Such actions.

For 'twas a spirit bold and stout,
By name and nature too devout,
That shatter'd this beshitten rout:

Most gladly.

To

To him complain'd the goodly City,
 In rueful tone, and mournful ditty,
 Which beshit, 'las more's the pittie

Most sadly.

Then *Londons* mouth, th' Grave R——
 Having set his Gown in Order
 Thus said sure You are a Lord, for

T'are Mighty.

For so much doth your laced Coat,
 Your curled haire, and grissled throat,
 To us grave Citizens denote

Most rightly.

Besides your Belt is all of Gold,
 Next Gras your horse is six years old,
 Your Dublet too, as I am told,

Is Sattin.

In judgement you are deep and sound,
 In Greek and Hebrew eke profound,
 No question but you have the ground

Of Lattin.

Which makes us at the Cape of Hope,
 That you will bang the stubborn Pope,
 And hang the Rump up in a rope

*For shiting.
 Your*

Your looks doth tell us you will bring,
To th' City our beloved King,
Me thinks you now are such a thing

Inditing.

For loe! this damned Hoddy-Doddy,
This cursed All-Ars, and no Boddy,
By you is made a very Noddy.

And worse Sir.

For it is fled, although but weak,
To's brother the Devils Ars of Peak,
Of whom old women ill will speak,

And curse Sir.

Ile add no more, for it is late,
And you, Sir, have a witty pate
To apprehend what I relate,

And snuffle.

Wherefore no longer Ile intrude,
But in the Cities name conclude,
And curse the Rump, which was so rude

Ith scuffle.

FINIS.

